

EXHIBIT 13

Into the Tempest

Musings of a YA author throwing herself into the fray. Join me on the journey ...

Friday, November 19, 2010

Win an ARC of Tempest Rising!!!

Hi All,

I'm giving away one ARC for Tempest Rising before the new year and this is your one and only chance to get it-- and I'll also throw some other goodies in to sweeten the pot (some cool swag, some Bath and Body Works shower gel, whatever other cool things I run across between now and the end of the contest). In return, I'm trying to put together a cool playlist for Tempest and would love some recommendations for songs. So, sometime between now and December 7th, think of a cool song or two (or three) that you think should go on Tempest's playlist. The final version will go up on my website and be given away as a prize for another contest.

I've listed the blurb below to help you figure out the mood and look forward to your suggestions. All you have to do to be entered is to post a song in the comment section that you think will work for the playlist. Thanks a bunch :)

Tempest Maguire wants nothing more than to surf the killer waves near her California home; continue her steady relationship with her boyfriend, Mark; and take care of her brothers and surfer dad. But Tempest is half mermaid, and as her seventeenth birthday approaches, she will have to decide whether to remain on land or give herself to the ocean like her mother. The pull of the water becomes as insistent as her attraction to Kai, a gorgeous surfer whose uncanny abilities hint at an otherworldly identity as well. And when Tempest does finally give in to the water's temptation and enters a fantastical underwater world, she finds that a larger destiny awaits her—and that the entire ocean's future hangs in the balance.

Posted by [Tracy Deeb](#)s at [4:26 PM](#) 24 comments:

Wednesday, November 17, 2010

Sneak Preview of Tempest Rising

I was going to wait a few weeks to really start pimping this book, but I'm so excited about it that I can't wait. So I thought I'd post an excerpt here to whet your appetites, though I know the publication date is still a few months off. Hope you enjoy!!! And don't forget to stop by later this week for a chance to win the one and only ARC I'm giving away before the New Year :)

Prologue

I was ten the first time I saw her. I remember this clearly, because my mother left exactly two weeks later—on my eleventh birthday.

We were in Hawaii at a surfing competition—this was back when my father still competed professionally—and it was late, late enough that the moon hung over the sky like a huge, tempting scoop of French vanilla ice cream. Its glow was more than my pre-adolescent heart could resist and I slipped into my bathing suit and out the door the second the babysitter got busy with my younger brothers.

I suppose any reasonable explanation of that night would have to begin with the fact that I'm a water baby. I was born in water, literally, back when that was the hip new thing to do. A bunch of doctors said it reduced

Contributors

[Croco Designs](#)

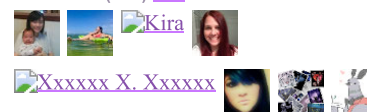
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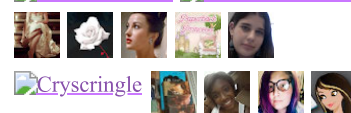
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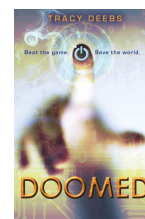
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Doomed
by Tracy Deeb

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trauma for the baby—being born into warm water so like the womb—and it must have worked. Because, while I obviously don't remember it, my dad says I didn't even cry. I just slid into the water like it was home. In many ways, it still is—despite what happened to me all those years ago.

After sneaking out of the house my parents had rented on a fairly obscure stretch of Kauai, I went down to the ocean. They were at a big party celebrating yet another of my father's wins and the three of us were too much of a handful for the fairly incompetent babysitter the service had sent over. She didn't even know I was missing until my parents got home and asked about me. But I don't blame her—in the end, it was no more her fault than it was mine.

Though I had spent my life in and out of the water—our house back home was less than a hundred yards from the ocean—my parents had one iron-clad rule. Under no circumstances was I to go in alone. Under no circumstances was I to even *think* about going in alone. The Pacific was brutal in its beauty, my dad told me again and again. Brutal and completely narcissistic.

I had always listened before that October evening, had never considered disobeying him. But that night, something called to me. Staying inside was an agony, staying dry even more so. I *needed* to be surrounded by the power and the passion of the water that was so much a part of me, even then.

I hadn't planned on going deep, had hoped that wading out to my knees would silence the insidious whisper, the crazy voice in my head. But it didn't and soon I was up to my shoulder blades. The water was relatively warm despite the fact that it was winter, but I remember being cold.

So cold that my teeth chattered.

So cold that I shivered until my bones rattled against one another.

I remember this because it was so odd. Before that night, the water had always warmed me.

But I didn't leave, didn't go back inside as a normal person would have. I couldn't. At the time I didn't know what I was waiting for. I knew only that there was a compulsion inside of me that wouldn't let me move. A compulsion that kept me standing there, a gift-wrapped human sacrifice, as the water lapped and swirled around me.

Strangely, I wasn't afraid or excited or any of the other emotions a ten-year-old girl might be expected to feel in those moments. It was odd, but I felt ... numb. Like there was something I knew I should be doing, but the thought of it—the safety of it—was just out of reach.

Finally-- when the whisper had become a shout inside my head, when my body trembled with a surge of energy so powerful it lit me up from the inside and made me feel like I was glowing--I saw her. She was dark and oddly beautiful and swam like a mermaid--like my *mother*-- her body cutting through the sea as a scalpel does through flesh.

She circled me as a shark would, her body sliding closer and closer to mine with each lap she took. I tried to look away, to back my way up to shallower water, but I couldn't move. Though I could not describe the specific details of her to you now, in that moment, everything about her was hypnotic and I was spellbound.

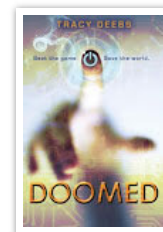
 Soulbound by Tessa AdamsSoulbound
und
by Tessa Adams

Giveaway ends
January 31, 2013.

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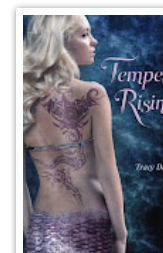
January 8, 2013

Tempest Unleashed



June 5, 2012

Tempest Rising



May 10, 2011

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Around me, the ocean thrashed and rolled. A wall of water built straight up in front of me—higher than the two-story house we were renting, higher even than the cliffs that surrounded our secluded little inlet. Higher than any wave I had ever seen before.

The wind picked up and the wave began to circle around me as she did, a cyclone of wind and water, power and pressure, with me directly in its eye. And then she was there with me, her voice a sibilant hiss in my ear, her fingers long, translucent talons that clutched at my suit and my soul.

"Give yourself to the water." The words echoed inside of me. "Give yourself to me. Embrace the power."

A part of me was still aware enough to understand that this was dangerous—that *she* was dangerous. But I couldn't listen to that part, could barely acknowledge it when my entire body yearned towards what she promised me.

In those moments I could feel the power inside of me, feel it welling up until its immensity was all that I knew. All that I wanted.

The shudders subsided and in their place was a heat, a purpose so strong that it overshadowed everything else.

I was meant for this. Meant for her. Together we could accomplish unimaginable feats. I reached a hand out towards her--

"Tempest! Tempest, no!" My mother's voice came from outside the hurricane of water, so faint that I never would have heard it if it hadn't burrowed deep inside me.

"Tempest!" My father's crazed shout.

"Come with me!" the water witch commanded, her long red hair flowing behind her like trails of lacey seaweed. "Come now."

"Hold on, Tempest. I'm coming for you!" My father again. The cold came back, alleviating the strange numbness she'd brought to me, and I knew that he was getting closer.

I tried to back away but instead of meeting the wall of water, I felt a sharp tug on my ankles-- an inescapable force pulling me under. "You are mine!" the voice hissed as it pulled me deeper and for the first time since I had wandered down the beach, fear overtook my curiosity.

"Dad!" I called.

"Tempest!" Strong hands grabbed my arms, yanked me towards shore, and for a moment I felt like the rope in a game of tug of war. But then the hold on my ankles gave way, sharp talons raking themselves down my calves as she tried—unsuccessfully—to hang on.

Finally I was free and on land, the storm vanishing as if it had never been, my father holding me tightly to his chest. My mother tried to tell me that the witch was my imagination, that my terror of the brewing storm had made getting trapped by seaweed seem so much worse, but even then I think I knew she was lying.

Fourteen days later my mother was gone, before I'd even begun to grasp what had happened to me. It would be years before I finally understood—even longer before I accepted that some things really were beyond mortal control.

So, what'd you think????

Posted by [Tracy Deeks](#) at [9:27 AM](#) 18 comments:

Saturday, November 13, 2010

Let Me Introduce Myself ...

Hi, everyone! I'm Tracy Deeks, author of *Tempest Rising*, a dark mermaid YA novel that will hit the shelves on May 10, 2011 :) This blog is a work in progress, as I'm not sure exactly what I hope to do with it in the months to come, besides (obviously) talk to you guys. If you want my official bio, it goes something like this:

Tracy Deeks collects books, English degrees and lipsticks and has been known to forget where—and sometimes who—she is when immersed in a great novel. At six she wrote her first short story—something with a rainbow and a prince—and at seven she forayed into the wonderful world of girls lit with her first Judy Blume novel. And from the first page of the first book, Tracy knew she'd found her life-long love. Now an English professor at her local community college, she writes YA romances that run the gamut from paranormal to contemporary to post-apocalyptic. She and her family make their home in Austin, Texas.

And for all of those who want the unedited version:

Tracy Deeks lives with four men, teaches writing to local college students and spends as much time as she can manage immersed in worlds of her own creation. A true believer that no woman can have too many earrings, shoes, lipsticks or books, she lives in constant fear of being buried under one of her many obsessions ...

Anyway, that's me. For the next couple of months, I'll be updating this blog a couple of times a week with news about my first YA novel, *Tempest Rising*, fun giveaways and/or contests, and various and assorted musings in general. Have a wonderful weekend!

Posted by [Tracy Deeks](#) at [7:52 AM](#) 10 comments:

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